I cleft his Beuer with a down-right blow:
Father, that this is true, behold his blood.
Mont. And brother, heeres the Earle of Wiltſhires blood,
Whom I encounter'd as the battailes ioyn'd.
Rich. Speake thou for me, and tell them what I did.
Yorke. What is your Grace dead my Lord of Somerſet?
Norf. Such hope haue all the line of *Iohn* of *Gaunt*.
Rich. Thus do I hope to ſhape King *Henries* head.
War. And ſo do I victorious Prince of Yorke,
Before I ſee thee ſeated in that Throne,
Which now the houſe of Lancaſter vſurpes,
I vow by heauen, theſe eyes ſhall neuer cloſe.
This is the Palace of that fearefull King,
And that the regall chaire: Poſſeſſe it Yorke,
For this is thine, and not King *Henries* heyres.
York. Aſſiſt me then ſweet *Warwicke*, and I will:
For hither are we broken in by force.
Norf. Weell all aſſiſt thee, and he that flyes ſhall die.
York. Thankes gentle Norfolke. Stay by me my Lords,
And ſoldiers ſtay you heere, and lodge this night.
War. And when the King comes offer him no violence,
Vnleſſe he ſeeke to put vs out by force,
Rich. Arm'd as we be let's ſtay within this houſe.
War. The bloody Parliament ſhall this be call'd,
Vnleſſe *Plantagenet* Duke of Yorke be King,
And baſhfull *Henry* be depoſde, whoſe cowardiſe
Hath made vs by-words to our enemies.
Yorke. Then leaue me not my Lords: for now I meane
To take poſſeſſion of my right.
War. Neither the King, nor him that loues him beſt,
The proudeſt bird that holds vp Lancaſter,
Dare ſtirre a wing, if *Warwicke* ſhake his bels.
Ile plant *Plantagenet*: and roote him out who dares?
Reſolue thee *Richard*, claime the Engliſh Crowne.
Enter king Henry the ſixt, with the D. of Exceſter, the Earle of Northumberland, the Earle of Weſtmerland, and Clifford the Earle of Cumberland, with red Roſes in their hats.

King.